Conversation

I jog past the honeymooners on the beach. They remain entwined over their picnic lunch spread on a white cloth. Only the bottle of dark wine resists the glare.

A chance to talk to the ocean. So how’s it goin?

Not good. It’s too hot. I’m too hot all the time.

Yeah, global warming. We burn so much, gases clamp the heat in.

Well stop it! It’s unhealthy.

Blockheads in charge say scientists weave a daydream.

Well, they obviously don’t!

They’re yelled at,have gotten even more timid. Bullies rule.

Then do something! You do something!

I try. I’m a writer and...

Whereupon, a mini-tsumani! I rush away, but end on my knees. Picnic floating away, the busy honeymooners scowl in my direction.